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Salutatory

EDWARD ST. JACQUES

THE "SPIRIT OF 1917" is upon us. The sight of the blue and the khaki everywhere has made us realize that we are at war. The many startling events within the last few months have demonstrated that our government is engaged in a tremendous and dangerous undertaking. We are living in a time which will forever be remembered as the scene of the struggle to decide whether or not Democracy must prevail. The loyalty to country and the love of freedom instilled in our hearts from early childhood must, at a time like this, reveal and declare themselves. And now we all lean our shoulders against the mighty wheel of the war machinery of the United States in our attempt to check the ruthless hand of Prussian barbarity. Thus, regardless of our rank or age, we are all co-workers in the same just cause.

And it is with this feeling of fellowship that I wish you a hearty welcome in behalf of the Waltham High School and of the Class of 1918.

Our government, during the past year of the conflict, has declared that in order to successfully conclude this present struggle, the co-operation of each of its citizens must be secured, that his every effort must be concentrated on the advancement of its war operations. This declaration has required of some actual aid, work in munition factories or other war industries. Of the young man it has exacted the supreme sacrifice, the offering of his life, his all, for the protection and safeguard of those at home. This performance of duty has, as yet, required very little of high-school pupils. Their sacrifices have been thus far comparatively few.

Let us review the war-work of our school during the past year. The work in aid of the Red Cross should not be under-valued. Particular weight was placed, by those in authority, on the need of this work. The total production of the school amounted to several hundreds of dollars. The request of the Y. M. C. A. for the earning and giving of $10, by every boy, a plan designed not only to help financially, but to create the much needed labor as well, was splendidly answered by Waltham High School boys. In this same phase of aid was the enlistment of boys for farm-service. In addition, we were called upon to assist the many war-aids which were begun during the year. The membership of the school in the Junior Red Cross was over a hundred per cent. The spirit created in the school at the time of the Liberty Loans was doubtless instrumental in the enlightening of many homes as to the urgency of the success of those drives. Finally, is our contribution to those who have offered their lives that they might help defeat a most inhuman and atrocious people, that they might foil the diabolical plans of a wretch at once the most despicable and most savage the world has seen. Of these boys we say with Abraham Lincoln, "God bless the soldiers and seamen and all their brave commanders."

Let us for a moment picture ourselves in the devastated fields of war-stricken France. Let us compare the lot of the French youth with our comfort and security. The boys of France are in the trenches fighting beside their fathers and brothers. On their countenances we see no longer the look of youth. Instead, there is a grim, determined aspect. The task of saving their country and of revenging their outraged

people has fallen on their shoulders. The work of the men is being performed by the women and girls. No smiles on their visages. The French girl has realized the exigency of the time and has proved herself equal to it. The schools of France, subterranean in the sections where the battles are raging, are now attended only by the very small children, who are often compelled to wear gas masks as a protection from the poisonous fumes. Classes have been conducted while shells were bursting within a few yards.

We know that the boys and girls of England have similarly sacrificed everything. England's ranks are filled with boys of our age. The war industries are being conducted through the employment of women and girls, who are doing the labor of the men eagerly and conscientiously.

In our school, the display of patriotism during the past year has been most inspiring. The success of the coming year rests entirely with the student body. Our ease and immunity, so much in contrast with the privations and sacrifices of our allied friends, should leave us no alternative. The same work must be repeated and even exceeded, since the need is greater. It is our most fervent wish that Waltham High School stand foremost in the discharge of its duty.

We should not forget, however, that it is still the duty of the American youth to prepare for the higher work of our country. Education must still be fostered. President Wilson recently emphasized the importance of this when he stated that there is even greater need for highly educated men and women. College presidents cry out in unison against the neglect of education.

So, with this thought in mind, let us make the standard of Waltham High School excellence in education and sincerity in patriotism. With these combined we cannot fail; they must inspire us to victory and to peace. Let us all strive to make ourselves worthy of the great sacrifice our boys are making for us; let us consecrate ourselves to our task, and "having thus chosen our course, without guile and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God, and go forward without fear and with manly hearts."

Valedictory

DOROTHY SMITH

WE COME before you tonight for the last time as students of the Waltham High School. Behind us lie four years—years which have constituted a period in our lives not to be lightly regarded. So swiftly has passed this time of learning, mingled with pleasure, that it seems to have been,

"A little work, a little play,
To keep us going—and so, good-day!"

We are on the threshold of a new and entirely different life. The work which now lies before us, ready for our eager hands to seize and perfect—who has foresight enough to tell what it may be? Perhaps our country will call us; perhaps some of our boys, or girls, may be represented on our service flag with blue stars, perhaps with gold. Whatever our work, it is true that the training which we have received ever since we entered school has, in a great measure, prepared us for that which lies beyond.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today."

Education begins with the lisping child at the mother's knee. Before it ever entered school, the mother educated that child to the best of her ability. Where did that mother obtain that which she so freely gives? From the education which she, in turn, received at home and at school. If her schooling had been less complete, she could not so well have helped her child along the road of knowledge. As one writer has aptly stated, "The fountain of knowledge is filled by its outlets, not by its inlets. You can learn nothing which you do not teach; you can acquire nothing of intellectual wealth, except by giving." That is one of the chief reasons for allowing women the educational advantages which were denied them fifty years ago.

One of the most important lessons taught in our schools is that of patriotism. Almost from the first day, patriotism is kept before the child. This is done by a daily salutation of the flag, or by stories which the teacher may tell, or by reference to the example of others, but above all by the exercises commemorating some historic day. "Young America" is thrilled by the spirit shown and the pieces spoken. His feeling of intense patriotism has grown one hundred-fold by the time he is ready to leave grammar school. "The Flag" has become a sacred emblem in his eyes, an emblem which must never be down-trodden, never be stained. In the high school, this spirit of love for the flag remains; but, in close connection with it, there has grown another of service to the flag. "Honoring and loving my flag, as I do, is there not some service I can render it to keep it always as it is?" It is the daily instruction which has given growth to this feeling of service—service to our friends, service to our country, service to the world. And this rising tide of nationalism is the rising tide of democracy. This love of country is the strongest in a democratic nation; it is the steady growth of this feeling that is making democracies of other countries.

In time of peace, the opportunities for service are much more limited than in time of war. In that respect, we are the most fortunate class ever graduating from the Waltham High School, for we have a mighty range of service. I need not mention the fact that our nation needs the boys. Now, too, is the supreme moment for girls. The world

is just beginning to recognize woman's ability. The many vacancies caused by the draft are being successfully filled by women—we find them in the workshops, on the street-cars, in the shipyards, and even behind the trenches. It has been stated, on good authority, that, in two years more, the women of England will be capable of making an entire battle-ship. This is only one instance of woman's adaptability to circumstances. We are glad that such opportunities lie before us—glad that we can, by our labor, show loyalty to our country and to its flag.

"Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us!
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!"

Contrast our spirit with that of Germany—Germany whose name has become a by-word for cruelty and inhumanity. What is that nation's humanitarianism compared with our high ideals? The German idea of service is self-centered—to serve herself so as to become great in land, great in power. But, with all this land and power, she has not helped other nations or "made this world a better place to live in." Her slogan is "Efficiency," and, for that end, she has sacrificed everything. Having acquired the right amount of efficiency, how has she used it? For the benefit of some poor, down-trodden people? The question has been forever answered by this merciless struggle for supremacy.

The German people are greatly handicapped at the beginning by the education which they receive. The children, as well as the parents, are ever under the iron-heeled rule of military autocracy. Germany is a land of scientists and inventors. They make articles which have never been duplicated by other nations. Is it not a most deplorable fact that this nation could not have used her vast store of knowledge in a more creditable manner—for the benefit of all mankind, instead of for the betterment of self?

For the last forty years, as every one knows, Germany has been preparing for this war. Her preparedness has meant the training of men, the building of U-boats, and the making of guns. She has been preparing to make this world subject to her power, at whatever cost to humanity. Compare this attitude with that of America.

America's dream of the future has never been war, but universal peace; therefore she has not trained men in any large numbers; she has not built U-boats; she has not made guns. America has taught her people justice, humanitarianism, and, above all, the creed that right must prevail. This country has well proved its "international reciprocity" by the bountiful gift of $150,000 to Gen. Joffre, a year ago, for the support of the fatherless children of France; by constantly sending supplies to the Belgians; and by her enormous loans to Russia, England, and Italy. This is the preparedness of America, and is it not the finest of preparedness?

Because our country has, finally, been drawn into the great "World War," it has not changed its peace policy. We still retain our high ideals. To preserve these ideals, each must give the best he has. "Then, the victory will be glorious, and that longed for time of peace will surely come."

Our class motto reads "Non Sibi," "Not for Ourselves." "Non Sibi"—it seems to me there could not be found two words that more fully express the feeling of the times. We, as a nation, have gone "over the top" in our sub-

EDWARD ST. JACQUES
Salutatorian

DOROTHY SMITH
Valedictorian
Editor of "Mirror"

MIRIAM BUNCHER
Historian

EDWARD HAMILL
Prophet

scriptions to the three Liberty Loans, all of which have been issued in our first year of war. Does not this one fact prove, conclusively, that we have awakened to the thought of service, and that the motto of this little class of ours is rapidly becoming the motto of our nation.

We are simply High school graduates, ready and waiting for the new work before us. With our entrance into the school, this war began. We earnestly hope that it may end before another graduation. In a few moments, we shall receive our diplomas, and the class of 1919 will be Seniors, while the class of 1918 will pass out of the High school. And what ideals can we carry with us to help in later years? Let each of us "make the supreme effort in the service best adapted to his ability and training, whether at home or abroad." Let each of us always keep uppermost the thought of patriotism, and the deep resolve to be of service to mankind—"Not for Ourselves," but for others.

I can think of no more fitting words with which to close than those of Abraham Lincoln: "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

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Class Prophecy

EDWARD HAMILL

IT WAS April the sixth in the year 1980 when several snowy-haired old patriarchs, relics of the Great War of 1914, were gathered together for the purpose of holding High Jinks and exchanging reminiscences. I was a member of that antiquated assemblage.

After the inner man had been satisfied, the chairs were pushed back and a thick pall of smoke hung low over the room, broken only here and there by the sharp flare of a match, lighting up some wrinkled old face.

The talk had drifted back to our younger days, and we were wondering what had become of some of our old classmates.

A little weazened, dried up fellow by the name of Roberts, puffing away at a big, black cigar, asked me if I remembered that furlough we had had back in the army days when we met so many of our old classmates.

"You bet I do," I replied.

Then as most of the veterans present had been members of the class of 1918, they urged me to tell the story of our furlough. There was no escape, so I began.

"It was back in 1930, five years after the All-Highest "Gott Mit Uns" had been captured and boiled alive by the Yanks. The Allies were but twenty miles from Berlin and I was doing duty in the front line trenches. The day before my furlough began, I was standing at my post when I espied several grenades coming from the general direction of Berlin and heading toward the vicinity of Yours Truly. I dived for a dugout and landed sprawling on a weary soldier, breaking up a rat convention and disturbing the rest of the above mentioned "Yank." Then he arose and in a few, well-chosen, vitriolic words, suggested that I seek a warmer climate.

When I heard those familiar, bloodthirsty adjectives, I knew who my "Yank" was. It was "Jack" Roberts, just as small as ever.

"What did you think had hit you?" I asked him.

"Oh, I thought it was a new rat family moving in," he replied.

Then he asked if the big drive was over and when I told him it was, he suggested that we go out.

Since I had come over before him, I asked about some of our old friends. He declared the only ones he knew anything about were "Ned" Robichaud and "Herb" French. "Ned" had been City Engineer for a while, but then he formed a company with a fellow by the name of Guinan, and when last heard from, was touring the country. "Herb" had gone from bad to worse. He and "Charlie" Bond had started for Texas at the close of school. "Charlie" had good intentions, but he never got Herb any farther south than Atlantic Ave.

"Jack" said he was due for a furlough beginning the next day, so we agreed to join forces. We decided to stop a few days in Paris and then spend several days in America. That suited "Jack," for time was about the only thing he ever did spend.

The following morning our regiment was relieved and we were cheering up the new set of victims. We informed them that this was the busiest sector in France, under constant shellfire, the Happy Hunting Grounds of all rats and gave them many other interesting items. They replied that they were not worrying as they had the two best bomb throwers in France. Thereupon

they brought out a lanky fellow, about seven feet long, Brigadier-Private Sederquist, and a little fellow, about seven feet wide, Corporal Hornbeck. Then I knew the men were not jollying us, for when that pair started throwing bombs, it was all off.

Arriving at the rest camp, "Jack" and I were dismissed. We took the first train for Paris. After many hours of riding, we pulled in at Liege for a short stop. We disembarked and started to look the town over. Before we had gone far, we heard a voice singing an old familiar song of our school days, "I Don't Want To Get Well."

We traced it and found the source in a shell torn hospital around the corner. We entered, but the building seemed deserted. After walking down a few dozen corridors, we finally ran into a nurse—

"Bertha Weston, wasn't it?" broke in one of my listeners, an aged cripple in very poor health.

"Yes," I answered.

"I thought so! A fine nurse. She took care of me once. Go on with your story."

"——well, I asked her who was singing and she told us we might take a look if we would be quiet. Then she led us through several more corridors and to a room of which she opened the door, ordering us to take a peep in. Upon a bed lay the grandest looking soldier, I had ever laid eyes on—he must have been a general,—having his pulse taken by a beautiful nurse singing the song that had brought us there——"

"George and Charlotte. I'll bet," interrupted another old boy.

"You win," I replied and continued with my yarn.

"Not wishing to disturb such a peaceful dream, we tiptoed away. When we got outside, Jack begged me to shoot him! Not that he wished to be numbered among the fatalities, but to insure a nice, soft bed and a beautiful nurse to take his pulse, and smooth his fevered brow. Just then the whistle sounded and we had to run for our train.

On the way to Paris we met "Frankie" Smith. He sat in front of us all the way, but we didn't notice him until the conductor commenced to collect tickets. Then he began to get nervous and fidget around in his seat until finally he turned to us in despair. He said he had only a nickel with him and begged us to stake him the price of a ticket. So we chipped in, said goodbye to the money, and gave it to him.

A few minutes later there was quite a commotion at the other end of the train and we rushed down to see what the disturbance was. When we arrived, the conductor was busily engaged in throwing a little excess baggage off the train. In this instance, the excess baggage was a nondescript gentleman of leisure, who, I am sorry to say, greatly resembled our old classmate, Carl Grip.

In a little while, we arrived at Paris and put up at the nearest hotel for the night.

The following morning we started out to see the sights. The city was full of soldiers. On one occasion, a stately, very erect general passed. It was Philip Walker, I could tell by the soldierly bearing of the man. "Phil," you know, was always very erect and manly. He got his first training in Sergeant Rowell's famous Mexican army, the stepping stone of many a famous general.

About noon, when we were sauntering up the Champ Elyss, we came across a beautiful woman, the picture of wretchedness, sitting on the curb

stone. She was very short but what she lacked in height, she made up in width. Upon seeing us, she covered her face. Astonished we stopped and asked her what the trouble was. She buried her face still farther in her hands.

"Jack" suddenly had an inspiration. Walking off a few yards he gazed a the woman for several minutes, then he called me over and asked me if I recognized that landscape. Then it came to me that this poor creature was once Ethel Walker.

"Hello, Ethel!" I cried.

Perceiving that her identity was known, she began a long tale of woe and ended up with an appeal for a little money. I asked her what she was going to do with it and the poor girl said she was thirsty.

It seems that three of them, Ethel. "Gertie" Richardson, and Madalene Stone, had left America several years before to become Red Cross nurses. Upon reaching Paris, however, "Gertie" had succumbed to her old weakness, grapejuice cocktails, and Madalene and Ethel had thus been providing funds for the quenching of Gertie's thirst.

Giving the poor girl some money, we continued down the boulevard. After tramping quite a distance, we stopped on a corner to rest.

"Hello, boys," spoke somebody.

We looked around but there was nobody within speaking distance. The voice was repeated and we took another look. This time we saw "Baron" Beamish standing right in front of us.

"Where were you?" we demanded.

"Right here," he replied.

"Say," I said, turning to Jack, "have we had anything today?"

He was getting a little bleary-eyed but he managed to gulp out "No!"

"Right here all the time." proclaimed the Baron, "but I was standing sideways."

He had on a regular army uniform, I don't know how he got into it, but he looked as if he had been poured in. We chatted for a while, the Baron making comments on every passing damsel. Finally, when an auburn-haired one went by, he became especially enthusiastic and soon disappeared in hot pursuit.

Turning the corner, I ran full tilt into a splendidly dressed man, attired in tall silk hat and all the trimmings. When he picked himself up, the sidewalk was liberally sprinkled with silk hat and other haberdashery. I took off my coat and we were just going to exchange compliments when I noticed his hair. Beautiful, blonde hair with fine silky waves ending in cute little curls! There was but one person on earth with such hair and that was E. Lincoln Miner. So peace was declared.

He told us that he was manager of all the Liberty Theatres for the soldiers in Paris. He would have liked to stop and talk but Irene probably had dinner ready, and as he did not dare to keep her waiting, he had to hurry along. Before going, however, he took advantage of a few hints I had dropped and gave me two passes, one for myself and one for the little boy with me.

As soon as he had disappeared around the corner, we started on the dead run for the nearest Liberty Theatre. As I expected, the girl in the ticket booth—who, by the way, was Grace Bingay—informed me that the passes were several months old. But I noticed a sign, which announced that children in arms were admitted free of charge, so by carrying Jack, I made it on one admission.

EUGENE POWERS
President of Class

ISABELLE DAUNCEY
Vice-President

EDNA OLIVER
Secretary and Treasurer

LINN HORNBECK
Business Manager of "Mirror"

There was an act on as we entered. It was called a song, but if the author had ever known it was thus to be abused, it would never have been written. Looking on the menus, which had been handed us at the door, we saw that the name of the "artist" was Walter Vaughan. Even then I did not believe it to be my former classmate, until I saw those old purple socks. I firmly believe that those are the same ones he wore for four years back in High School.

Two acts later another Waltham boy, "Punk" Johnson, appeared. He was dressed the same as when he used to come to school, with a low crowned derby, similar to the one he wore on "St. Arthur's day," a suit about ten sizes too late, and a pair of huge, suit-cases called shoes. He was down on the bill as a comedian, but as a comedian, he was a false alarm.

At the close of this act there was a long delay. Finally a man appeared upon the stage and announced that Miss Pauline Kimball who was due to sing that old war ballad, "There's a Long, Long Trail," would, on account of a slight indisposition, be unable to warble today.

About half an hour later, we woke up in time to hear another prodigy from our home town, Ruth Paul. She favored the audience with a few songs and retired. To do her justice, I'll say that she was the best of the three. Rather a doubtful compliment, but after those first two frauds, anything was satisfactory.

Now we sat back and awaited the banner attraction of the evening, a short musical sketch. At last the curtain rose and the maids of the chorus were tripping merrily over the stage. Immediately "Jack" stopped talking and settled down to get his money's worth. After several minutes of intent gazing, he turned to me:

"Don't you recognize the third, fourth and fifth from the right?"

I took a look and sure enough, there was the old wrecking crew, Ruby Seamen, Helen Pelky, and Alice Gorman.

About five minutes later, "Jack" had another spasm.

" 'Curly' Miner seems to be taking care of the rest of the family."

"How's that?" I asked.

"See that little one on the left end. Well, that's Frankie Willard."

It began to look like Old Home Week with so many of our old friends around. But no more appeared, so at the end of this act, I dissuaded Jack from staying to see the show over again and we went out.

It was rather late, so we headed for the hotel. We dropped into the restaurant for a bite to eat before retiring and whom did we see among the waitresses but Helen Kirwin, Marion Sampson, and Rebecca Farnsworth. We beat a hasty retreat and went to bed supperless.

The following morning we decided to leave Paris and set out for the good old U. S. A. We headed for the Air Line depot in the center of the city, and inquired when the next plane left for America. We were told that there was an express leaving for America in ten minutes. So I started to scout around for a good book to read en route. Going over to the newsstand, I asked for the most popular book on the war. The girl behind the counter was Ruth Burckes—rather fortunate, as she used to be quite an authority on books. She handed me a large volume which she said was the largest selling War book since the days of Empey's "Over the Top."

I paid ten perfectly good francs for that book, which I never would have done had I known at the time who wrote it.

"Jack" seized the book and we ran just in time to make the airplane.

Several hours later when we were fairly out to sea, I took a look at my purchase. It was "The Perils of the Ambulance Service" by Corp. Charles McGahan, author of "My Life in the Coast Artillery" and "Ten Words a Minute." The illustrations were by the famous artist twins, Howard and Harold Harvey.

There was a big splash far below and the best seller of the war had gone to the fishes.

That afternoon we were sitting on the promenade deck gazing at the clouds around us, when whom should we see walking down the deck but Betty Wiley. She came over and we began to talk over old times.

"Are you travelling for your health?" I asked her.

"No, I'm a saleslady for a dry goods firm," was the answer.

"Any particular line of dry goods?" I ventured.

"Oh, yes. Middy blouses," she replied.

That reminded me of something and I asked what her old rival, Isabel Dauncey, was doing.

"She's selling shirtwaists for the same firm," we were informed.

Then she started off on a long tirade on the advantages of middy blouses over shirtwaists, especially for graduations, but Jack came to my rescue by shouting, "Man overboard!" and while Betty wished to see the excitement we escaped.

We entered the dining room, and as I expected, we found a few more of our friends in the guise of waitresses and pot wallopers. There must be some sort of fascination about it, for they all had fallen. This time I saw Caroline Erickson and Margaret Hibbard, and far out in the kitchen, I could discern Vesta Winn scrubbing dishes.

At the close of the meal, seeing no sign of Betty, we sallied forth upon the deck, once more. We found that we were not flying at a very high altitude.

In a little while, we passed over a lighthouse. I caught sight of an upturned face which I am pretty sure belonged to Frances Ames. Wonder who she married that brought her way out there? One odd thing about it, she couldn't invite the Sewing Circle in very often.

The morning of the next day found us at the Air Line depot in Boston. The depot was situated on the site of the old Boston Common and so when we descended, we were on Tremont street.

From now on we commenced to see our old friends frequently. In the depot, I caught sight of two, Lena Morris and Bertha Munroe, in a newsstand. Also we passed the office of Lorraine Stone, public stenographer.

Before taking the subway, we wandered around the town a bit.

A little later, as we were walking down Washington street, we ran into "Cy" Perkins. He didn't have much to say but I noticed his derby. On one side of it, there was a green smudge, where it looked as if the figure 52 had been inscribed in green chalk and then rubbed out. If that was the case, it was about time he bought a new hat.

Farther down the line we encountered Bertha Concannon. The poor girl had wasted away to a shadow of her former self. I inquired as to how she had accomplished this transformation and she told me that she was attending the Physical Culture Studio of Miss Beatrice Hoelscher, the famous woman gymnast.

By this time, we were in the theater

district. A huge sign on one of the theatres, caught our eye. It announced that the management had at great cost secured the engagement—theatrical not matrimonial—of Miss Adele Eichler and Mr. Karl Swett in a four act drama of love and adventure, entitled "Put Some Pep Into It."

While standing and gazing with awe at this announcement, we noticed a sea-captain with a Herculean build standing before us. It turned out to be Captain Ed. Mosher of the Merchant Marine, in charge of a big freighter plying between Boston and Savannah. According to him, the Merchant Marine had got wireless beaten a mile.

We began to feel the pangs of hunger and I suggested that we drop into a restaurant for a bite to eat, but "Jack" decided we had better go home as we could eat for nothing there.

On the way to the subway, we passed the photograph studio of Mme. Minerva Olney.

In the subway, we discovered that women employees were in vogue and a poor, ordinary man didn't have a chance. The employee who bellowed forth the destinations of the trains turned out to be Gladys Davis. Our motor-woman was Maggie Hutton! I expected never to hit Waltham, but I guess she did not know I was on, for nothing happened.

On the train, we fell in with Ruth Arneson. We learned that she was married but she refused to tell who the unlucky man was. It was dead easy to tell, however, for the little boy with her was red-headed.

At Newton, a woman with a huge brood of children, I should say, about 15, in round numbers, joined us. She sat at the other end of the car, but I recognized the careworn face of poor old "Mother" Tully.

It was about noon, when we reached Central Square. I stopped on the corner to look things over a bit, while "Jack" started on the double quick for Robbins street. Before parting, however, we agreed to meet at Nutting's the following evening.

The square looked the same as ever. In the Lawrence Building, I saw that Edith Metcalf, the noted woman lawyer, had her shingle out.

As in the olden days, the traffic cops were still balling up traffic. While I was watching this one ring circus, a short fellow, dressed entirely in black, brushed past me. He looked familiar and I grabbed him.

"Hello Osy!" I shouted. "Why all the crepe?"

"Can't stop now, I'm in a hurry," and handing me a card, he hurried off.

Here is the way his card read:—Wendell Osborn. Dealer In Second Hand Art Books.

The traffic cop was now reprimanding a woman chauffeur for speeding through the square. She gave her name as Miss Dorothy Muzzy. I had known she would end up like this, by the reckless way in which she used to speed to school.

The little high school children were now being dismissed. They get smaller every year. I decided to go over and take a look at the old prison. I walked up Main street, past the City Hall and—I could scarcely believe my eyes—the old shack had a new coat of paint.

I looked inside to see if the paint extended within or whether the exterior was simply camouflaged. Over the door of the old City Manager's office, I noticed the sign, "City Manageress." I was inquisitive and peeked in. Seated in a chair with her feet upon the desk was our City Manageress, Mrs. Gwendolyn Fraim, dictating to a short-hand artist, who reminded me greatly of Ruth MacKenzie. Off in a corner, I could see Doris

Moore and Flora Ware, pounding away at typewriters. Gwen used to run the High School and here she was running the city. I went out, crossed the street, and started up Church street.

At the Animal Aid Shelter, the annual rummage sale was on full blast. I noticed only a few of the old faces, but there was one new one, Miss Dorothy Smith, behind the counters. From that I deducted that she was a teacher at the High School.

On the corner of School and Church streets, I passed a short, fat youth, whose face reminded me of an old friend's. I asked the boy what his name was and he replied "Jonas Sheer."

"Say is your father's name Nathan?" I demanded.

"Yes, sir. He owns the big tailor shop over here on Lexington street."

I looked at the boy's books to see what he was studying. Among them I espied my old favorite, a Latin grammar. This one was bulky and must have been written by a very learned man. I was curious and opened the book to see. The author was Chester J. Fraim, A. B., Professor of Latin at Cornell University.

"Don't you believe what that book tells you sonny! I know the man who wrote it. How do you like High School, my boy?"

"All right," he replied, "except the teachers. My room teacher, Miss Agatha Cooke, isn't so bad, but we got a new spelling teacher the other day. He is terrible. His name is Powers. You should have heard him the other day trying to spell "prophet"——

That was enough for me and I headed back for Central Square.

The City Edition of the Tribune was just out, so I purchased a copy. While perusing the sporting page, I discovered that Sunday baseball in Boston between two major league teams, was down to receive its first tryout the following Sunday. The page also contained a write-up of "Big-Six" Barnes, the wizard of baseball, the famous twirler of the Boston Red Sox, by Leslie C. Browning, the sporting editor. Barnes was down to pitch at the Sunday Baseball opening.

In another part of the paper, I saw a letter of protest against the Sunday baseball by a prominent society woman of Waltham, Miss Leila Warren. She stated that she was also in favor of the abolition of auto-riding and canoeing on the Sabbath, but that she would let these rest, if but that accursed baseball be stopped.

Below this, there was an account of the election of the previous day. In the list of the candidates for the school committee, I perceived that Albert Bent had finished seventh—out of a field of five.

While reading, I had been strolling along Moody street and by this time, I was almost to Hall's Corner. There the Salvation Army was holding its usual festivities. Among them, I recognized Sergeant Rowell. I knew he would rise high in the military profession, because he showed great promise in that line in school. Marion Parker and Harold Wilson were among the sinners.

Farther up the line, F. W. Woolworth Co., was doing business in the same old place, but not in the same old way. They said business was never the same after "Bud" Behrman became manager. I saw several old friends behind the counters, Ruby Van Demark on the cookie counter and Gertrude Colloton maltreating a long-suffering piano.

Then I passed Flora Stearns' millinery shop and at Lewis' old stand, Rosamond Jacobs was doing a flourishing candy business.

On the way up the street, I noticed that several of the bakeshops, which once belonged to Mary Phelan, were now the property of Alice Bowman.

Seeing some street excavating being done on one of the side streets, I turned down to watch the operations. Whom should I find digging ditches but the boy marvels of the twentieth century, those two child prodigies, "Tom" Riley and Ed St. Jacques. All of which goes to show, you never can tell. Look at what these two book phenoms became and then look at Clifford Happenny—remember how dense he was—he was the biggest constructional engineer in Waltham. The reason why he became the biggest one was because he was the only one.

A little way down the street, there was a ramshackle, rundown, motorcycle standing in the gutter. I walked down and not seeing anybody around, started to borrow it.

"Get away from that motorcycle," somebody shouted.

I jumped off and looked around. There, lying on the lawn before me, was Ed Eastman, with his head resting on a big, black book. The boss always thought Ed worked hard because his meter book was worn, but, believe me, the hardest work that book ever did, was as a pillow. Ed told me himself that he had never seen the inside of it.

"Still reading meters, I see."

"Oh, yes, once in a while," he yawned. "Say, is it five o'clock yet?"

"Half an hour yet," I replied. Then he rolled over and continued with his nap. If ever a youth had shown great possibilities, it was that boy and here he was wasting his life away at twelve perusually perhaps.

Just then Everett Cutler rattled by on the top of a rickety old milk wagon.

"Zu-Zu," I shouted.

"Aw, gawan, you funny man," he growled, and giving the old mare a kick, vanished around the corner.

After this, I went home and loafed around until the evening of the following day when we went to Nutting's.

We met at the appointed time and set out for the dance. When we got there we discovered that it was not a regular dance, but a grand Red Cross ball. As usual we did not have enough money with which to pay our way in and I had just about given up hope when Jack found out that the chairman of the ball committee was Edna Oliver, the famous cabaret dancer. So by using the "old friend gag," we squeezed in.

When we entered, we found that the French family, fifteen years after they just began to speak in public, were still talking. Miss Alice French was making an appeal for some war fund, but as we did not have enough money between us to buy a necktie for a mosquito, we didn't take the trouble to listen.

Following this there was an exhibition dance by the well-known prize-dancers, Mr. Louis Dubinsky and Miss Ruth Mansfield. At the close of this dance, we sauntered around the wall to look over the crowd.

I met Mrs. Ruth Bent—formerly Miss Cooke of Lexington Terrace—and her husband and inquired about some of my old friends who lived up their way. I found that Miriam Buncher had been married and had gone with her husband to live in Auburn, Me.

"How about Alice Welchans? Is she still living in the same place," I inquired.

"Oh, no. She moved nearer town about three weeks ago and she quickly got results. She was married yesterday.

"Good idea," I replied, "the fellows always used to fight shy of that long

hike. Not that Alice didn't have a plentiful supply of admirers, but after a poor unfortunate youth had made that arctic excursion on a cold winter night, usually he never came back."

Then the dancing for the public began and we sat down to look people over. After a few dances I noticed that a particularly stunning woman was dancing with the same partner, a curly headed sailor, every time. I asked Jack who she was and he informed me that it was Mrs. Pauline Austin and her husband.

One especially graceful dancer reminded me very much of Grace Holmes. Sure enough, it was she. She had changed greatly since I last saw her.

Just before the close, they put on another exhibition dance. This time it was an aesthetic toe dance by Miss Sina Hoffman. Though not so slim and graceful as she once was, Sina did very well considering her years.

After this, the party broke up and we plodded home.

Several days later, while walking in the outskirts of the city, I passed Miss Sherman's Finishing School for Girls. I have learned since that two of Waltham High's most finished products, Alice Clifton and Edith Peterson, were numbered among the faculty.

Our stay was now up and the next morning found us on our way back to France. I guess that about ends the yarn, eh, Jack."

I paused and looked around me. Save for a few who must have been endowed with the patience of Job, my listeners were all sound asleep. I woke them up and we tottered home.

Amen.

History of the Class of 1918

MIRIAM BUNCHER

ON A CERTAIN morning in September, 1914, as the clock struck half past seven, many little people in as many homes in a city called Waltham, picked up a varied collection of notebooks, pencils, etc., turned for one last look in the mirror, and hurried away with beating hearts to embark on their high school career. Soon one might have seen flocking from all directions toward the High School the throng that betokened the opening of another school year.

We, the incoming Freshmen, kept close to our friends in the upper classes and wondered in wide-eyed amazement at the cool way with which they conducted themselves under such trying circumstances. The little boys wandered about in new suits and "hard" collars, outwardly trying to assume that careless, superior air, which distinguishes the Senior, and inwardly sighing for the time when they might have their first long trousers.

But soon the bell cut short all meditation as well as conversation and we climbed the many flights of stairs to the Assembly hall. Here, as far as can be discovered, not one of our number made that supposedly inevitable Freshman mistake of sitting down among the Seniors. Here we were again assigned to our respective divisions and left the hall again, only to wander about in a hopeless maze of corridors bordered by closed doors until some kind spirit guided us to our destinations, Rooms 4 and 5.

For a few days recess seemed a rather hopeless affair, for we did not quite know how to act. However, the newness soon wore off that as well as all our other proceedings. We gradually grew used to the startling fashions set by the Seniors, such as winding many yards of velvet ribbon around one's neck and ending off with a huge rosette under one ear. Some of our more enterprising members even went so far as to attempt copying these fashions with some very original and striking results.

One thing which we found very hard was to attend to our lessons in study periods, especially when the boys were playing football in the back yard or when the Senior Latin class was passionately declaming the story of Dido and Aeneas in the front of the room.

Our first appearance in athletics came in the late fall. The inter-class football series started with a game between our class and 1917 and, in spite of much loyal cheering on the part of the girls and a fine assortment of muddy faces and aching joints on the part of the boys, our team lost by a score of 34-0.

Nothing daunted, the boys played off their basket-ball games with the Sophomores, only to be defeated again; and the girls repeated the process.

One day in the lower corridor it seemed for a little while as if we were going to get a chance to distinguish ourselves in swimming, for quite a flood had made walking dangerous, but when the tide turned, we found it was all caused by the weeping of one little Freshman, Walter Vaughan, who had fallen down and cracked his shins.

Much excitement was caused on January 7 by the announcement of a boxing and wrestling match in the gymnasium. After dodging under rope barriers, some of the girls managed to gain entrance and cheered on everyone indiscriminately. But because the authorities feared that such rough sights might have a bad effect on our feeble constitutions, we were banished from all subsequent matches. However, on the

day of the indoor inter-class track-meet, the girls were again admitted and the boys gained much glory by winning third place. I might add here, in order not to appear to claim too much honor for the class, that there was no fourth place on this occasion.

In the spring came the class baseball games and in our game with the Sophomores, we almost won, but finally succeeded in losing again by a score of 11-10.

By the end of the year, we were all ready for a vacation and although we did not look forward to next year's lessons with any great pleasure, we did anticipate the time when we would be allowed officers and class socials and when we could tease the Freshmen as the Sophomores had us.

The summer passed all too quickly and in September we again found ourselves back at our old occupations. But what a change this year! Our home rooms were on the second floor, and when by chance we had to go down to the first, our sense of fitness was deeply shocked by the swarms of mere children who so inconsiderately blocked the stairs and halls. At first we remarked with superior Sophomore smiles that the lower floor had been given over to a day-nursery, but we soon discovered they were only Freshmen after all.

Our first class meeting was held on October 8 in the assembly hall and there surely will never be another quite like it. Here we elected our class officers as follows:

Eugene Powers, President: Isabelle Dauncey, Vice President: Clifton Taylor, Secretary: Winthrop Barnes, Treasurer and Albert Bent, Auditor, with Chester Fraim and Frank Smith, Athletic representatives. Soon after this another meeting was held to choose class colors, and Yale-blue and white won out after a close race with old rose and gray.

After a particularly successful football season a post-season game was arranged between Waltham and Everett to be played at Fenway Park on November 27. Several cars full of enthusiastic fans went from Waltham and supported the team loyally. After a glorious game the score ended 6-0 against us. Were we down-hearted? No! We had our own opinions about the luck of the day.

I am sure that if a vote should be taken as to our favorite study, declamation would win unanimously. This was our experience with this delightful subject and when the lists of names were posted we clustered about them with much the same feeling as had the old Romans in the days of Sulla's proscriptions.

On December 17, our first class social was held, a middy blouse party, with Clifton Taylor as chairman of the committee. The hall was decorated with pennants collected from all members of the class and crepe paper in the class colors, but the feature was our class banner which the members of the committee had made for the occasion. There were the usual thrilling games of five-and-seven and drop-the-handkerchief and then, best of all, ice-cream. In fact our hilarity rose to such a pitch upon the formation of a snake dance that before we knew it, it was ten o'clock, high time for little Sophs to be in bed.

Soon after this, our world was saddened by the departure of Mr. Dame, but we more than recovered upon the arrival of Mr. Fradd, who, before the year was up, had gained the respect and admiration of us all.

Our luck in athletics took a decided turn for the better this year and we won the school championships in football, boys' basket-ball, and track meet.

SENIOR PLAY CAST

Standing, left to right—Howard Harvey, Harold Harvey, Charles Bond, Edward St. Jacques, Kendall Rowell, Philip Walker, Bertha Concannon, Herrick Sederquist, Nathan Sheer, Albert Bent, Theo Perkins, Leslie Browning, Clifford Happenny, Edward Hamill, Eugene Powers, Chester Fraim, Winthrop Barnes.

Seated, left to right—Miss Gladys Tebbetts, coach, Pauline Kimball, Ruth Arneson, George Kelly, Adele Eichler, Helen Tully, Karl Swett.

This was the year of the first Alumni Pageant in which many pupils took part and it proved to be a perfectly wonderful resource in the way of excuse for absence or unprepared lessons.

As soon as the weather grew warm enough for the windows to be open, we fortunate members who sat in Miss Hall's room, each contributed our two cents, and lo—the window was decorated by a pansy box of the largest and most luxuriant type, and each could have one pansy every other week.

On June 2 came our second and last social of the year, a character party. Phil Kingsbury kept us in gales of laughter all the evening and finally took a prize for the most ridiculous costume. Mr. Burke took flash-light pictures at ten o'clock and then we dispersed after a hearty cheer for 1918, deciding that socials were jolly affairs.

Then came our grand dramatic effort of the year, Pyramus and Thisbe, presented by the A division in Room 17. On this occasion Danny Rubens, well-known matinee-idol, took the audience by storm by heroically dying in a corner and then rolling over to the middle of the stage.

Near the end of June the girls of the entire school held a track meet at the athletic field, the first event of its kind recorded in the archives of Waltham High School. Although every girl went into every event, Edna Oliver usually managed to come out with the blue ribbon. We had debarred the boys that afternoon but a few had reserved seats under the grand stand and used them unknown to the authorities in charge throughout the entire affair. This was the last event of the year except one, Leslie's adoption of a startling new hair-comb which immediately received a unanimous vote of approval.

On June 22, with tears streaming down our faces, we were forced to abandon our studies for nine long weeks. However, these weeks did not prove so monotonous as we had expected and before we knew where the time had gone, we were back at school for our Junior year.

This year we were so much above such trifles that we did not mind the crowd of little people with curls who again invaded our domain.

Early in the year we held a meeting and chose our officers for the year. Eugene Powers was re-elected President, Isabelle Dauncey, Vice-President, and Albert Bent, Auditor, and Edna Oliver, was elected Secretary and Treasurer.

The girls instituted a new sport this year. Field hockey was played very strenuously during the fall at Bicycle Park under the guidance of Miss Monahon. Under the titles of Army and Navy we played many wild games, especially when Miss Hall joined with us.

In foot-ball we again won the championship of the school.

As far as lessons went, this was our hardest year. Some few of us started out bravely with a fixed resolve to conquer the French language, but although we have been at it ever since, we have not yet accomplished that fact. Our only rays of pleasure were caused by Stedman's struggles with his vowels and the rare occasion when Miss Wilson began the lesson in German. When we were not sneezing over our French, it was algebra which troubled us, and between quadratic equations and fractional exponents, it is a wonder Miss Pratt did not finish us all. As for Latin, we had always been led to believe that Spanish was the only real language to swear in,

but when we read all the dreadful names which Cicero called Cataline, we changed our minds speedily.

Our first social had been held November 17 and on March 9 a barn-party was given as the second one. The affair started with a leap-year grand march, which was a huge success as the girls were not so bashful as the boys sometimes are at socials. Mr. Fradd and Mr. Ward looked particularly sweet in their sunbonnets and were so infatuated with their own appearances that they insisted on standing right in the middle of the group to have their pictures taken.

But soon we were plunged into the deepest gloom over the departure of Mr. Fradd for Brookline. The whole school assembled in the hall while the boys presented him with testimonials of regard. When he made a speech, we literally raised the roof several inches.

Surely no story of 1917 would be complete without mention of the United States' declaration of war on Germany, April 6. Never having lived during a previous war, we expected the army to rise in its might and set sail for France the following day, and when this did not happen and our lives went on about as usual, we seemed to forget all about the war. But one morning we were rudely awakened, for one of the High School boys was leaving that very day to do his duty in the United States Navy, and we are proud to say that that boy, Wyman Rogers, was a member of our class.

It was thought best to hold the Junior Prom. as usual, and May 25 was decided on as the date. By deciding not to wear evening dresses the girls made the affair less formal than usual, but surely more fitting for war-time.

We all listened with interest and amusement while the history of the class of 1917 was read by Miriam Bisbee and the future destinies of its members were decreed by Charles McGahan. After this there was dancing till midnight when the party broke up with the verdict: "A huge success."

During June some of the boys enlisted in the Boys' Working Reserve to do farm work for the summer and the girls, not to be outdone, took up canning under the direction of Miss Hunter. We also learned to knit and when we were not working for the Red Cross. we made ourselves sweaters of such brilliant and varied hues that when we returned to school in the fall, Mr. Ward made numerous scathing remarks. All to no purpose, we wore them just the same. The girls started out by bringing their knitting to school and knitting right through study periods, recitations. and all. but. of course, it soon became evident that this was incompatible with school work. so a curtailed program of knitting hours was adopted. We soon found out that the girls were not the only ones who had learned to knit. Mr. Burke proudly displayed a sweater he was making and when afghans came into vogue, the captain of the foot-ball team gallantly helped out by knitting a square. or rather an oblong.

For the first time in many years the school foot-ball team lost more games than it won. due partly to the fact that many of our best men were playing a far greater game at some training camp or in France. At least it cannot be said that Waltham took advantage of war time to establish her reputation in athletics.

At a class meeting early in October we re-elected all the officers of the previous year.

This year the "Mirror" has been under the direction of Dorothy Smith of the Senior class and has had a very successful year. This is the first time that cartoons have been introduced into our paper and they have added much to its popularity.

In December the annual Senior dance was held at Nutting's and was a very enjoyable and successful occasion. Through the fault of no one in particular, we did not hold our first social until January 18, but when at last it did come, we were pleasantly surprised to find that this year we had attained a sufficient age to be allowed to stay until 10.30.

In January a class meeting was called to present the subject of a school service flag. Alice French was appointed chairman of a committee to discuss the matter. The Junior and Sophomore classes were also appealed to and a collection was taken up among the classes. Soon after we returned from our Christmas vacation, the dedication exercises were held. The handsome flag which now hangs in the assembly hall will always be a proud memorial to the Waltham High School boys who did their bit in their country's hour of need.

Another result of the war was much in evidence on the first day of April. We thought the government was playing an April fool's day joke on us by trying to make us believe that the proper time to come to school in the morning was seven o'clock. But after we had gotten used to rising in the dewy dampness of early morning, we cheerfully said, "C'est la guerre," and let it go at that.

Among the intellectual pleasures of our Senior year was the reading of Milton's "Comus." Of course, we all enjoyed it immensely and one line caused hot argument. We could not decide whether "clouted shoon" meant "country peasants" or "a confused appearance."

This year for the first time the girls won the championship of the school in basket-ball by defeating successively each of the other classes.

The Junior Red Cross movement struck Waltham during the winter and it was decided to make the school a chapter. So a drive was started for annual dues and a race was carried on to see which room and class should get 100 per cent first. Our class won!

A great deal of excitement was caused one day in February by the appearance of posters in the corridors announcing a pop-corn ball sale for the benefit of the Junior Red Cross. When the eventful recess arrived the balls sold so fast that many of us did not even see one, much less get near enough to buy one. But over $10.00 was cleared so we did not mind.

A few weeks ago we had the privilege of hearing one of the most stirring addresses ever delivered in the High School Hall. The speaker was Mr. Crowell. He had just returned from doing Y. M. C. A. work in France, and he gave us a wonderfully clear idea of the importance of the work there and how much it means to the boys.

During the Third Liberty Loan several from the school were the four minute speakers at the local theatres and one morning after devotional exercises, George Kelly and Gwendolyn French gave very appealing and convincing speeches at the High School.

On April 18, some members of the class celebrated St. Arthur's day in a very festive and splendid manner in honor of Mr. Burke whose birthday it was supposed to be. But after he had been presented with at least eight birthday cakes and numerous other costly gifts, the secret came out that this was only another of Mr. Burke's jokes and that it was not his birthday after all.

Very early the girls began to think about what they would wear for graduation. Some favored simple dresses, some shirt-waists and skirts, and still others middy blouses. So a meeting of the girls was called together and conducted by Isabelle Dauncey, vice-president of the class. After a long debate, which the "Mirror" tells us was carried on in a very orderly and admirable manner, the majority decided on middies and white skirts.

Just before our last vacation Mr. Eaton made the announcement of the graduation honors, assigned by the faculty in recognition of high records established during the four years. Dorothy Smith was chosen valedictorian, Edward St. Jacques, salutatorian, and Thomas Riley and Dorothy Muzzey were honorably mentioned.

Last week on Friday and Saturday nights was held one of the greatest events of our High School life, the Senior play. Eugene Powers was chairman and he and his committee after much careful consideration had chosen "Secret Service" by William Gillette, a play especially fitted to these times, as it is a war play. All members of the cast reflected much glory on the work of Miss Tibbetts, the coach. From an artistic as well as a financial standpoint, the play was a big success. The entire net proceeds will be given to the Junior Red Cross instead of going into the class treasury as is usually the case.

And now we have gathered at the invitation of the Juniors for the last big event before the one which ends our high school life. Some will go on to higher institutions, some will enter the busy life of the outside world, but whoever we are and wherever we may be, let us remember that our country needs REAL men and women in the future and let us try to be worthy of the most glorious flag on earth.

Class of 1918

College Course

Charlotte Oxford Bates †
Miriam Buncher *
Ruth Elizabeth Cooke
Adele Eichler *
Rebecca Cook Farnsworth *
Alice Elizabeth French *
Margaret Hibberd
Helen Adeline Kirwin †
Dorothy Eleanor Muzzey *
Edith Therese Peterson *
Marion Record Sampson *
Chester John Fraim
Edward Bacon Hamill
Eugene Hudson Powers
Thomas Joseph Riley *
Kendall Bailey Rowell
Edward Harry St. Jacques *
Walter Wright Vaughan †

Technical Course

Ronald Stanley Beamish
Charles Edward Bond †
Louis Dubinsky
Herbert Melvin French
Carl John Grip †
Clifford J. Happenny †
Harold Austin Harvey †
Howard George Harvey †
Leslie Dwight Johnson
George Anthony Kelly
E. Lincoln Miner
Charles Winfred Roberts
Edward Oliver Robichaud
Herrick August Sederquist
Nathan Sheer

General Course

Frances Edna Ames †
Ruth Adele Arneson †
Grace Irene Bingay *
M. Alice Bowman *
Ruth Burckes †
Alice Louise Clifton †
Gertrude Kathryn Colloton
Bertha Elizabeth Concannon *
Agatha J. Cooke †
Isabelle Dauncey †
Gladys Willoughby Davis †
Caroline Anna Erikson
Gwendolen Erminnie French
Alice Mary Gorman †
Beatrice A. Hoelscher
Sina Hoffman †
Grace Elvira Holmes †
Margaret Hutton
Pauline M. Kimball *
Ruth Coffin Mackenzie
Ruth Mansfield
Pauline Whitney Matthews
Edith Frances Metcalf
Doris Irene Moore *
Lena Ellen Morris †
Bertha Carpenter Munroe †
Edna Bates Oliver †
Minerva Elizabeth Olney *
Marion Diama Parker †
Ruth Josephine Paul †
Helen G. Pelkey
Marion Gertrude Richardson
Edith Loring Sherman
Dorothy Isabel Smith *
Flora Elisabeth Stearns *
Lorraine Stone *
Madelene Frances Stone
Helen Marie Tully *
Ruby Dorothy VanDemark
Ethel Vivian Walker
Flora M. Ware
Leila Olive Warren
Alice Weber Welchans
Bertha Louise Weston
Elizabeth M. Wiley
Frances Willard
Irene Florence Willard
Vesta Winnefred Winn
Winthrop Johnson Barnes †
William Frederick Behrmann †
Albert Frederick Bent
Leslie Chadwick Browning
Edmund Moulton Eastman
Linn Henry Hornbeck
Charles Brown McGahan
Wendell Arleigh Osborn †
Francis Brendan Smith
Karl Adrian Swett †
Philip Alden Walker
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